

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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The King with the Kind heart

HAVE you ever heard the story of King Krinkle the Kind? All his barons laughed at him because they knew that although he was very kind and gentle, he lacked a brave heart.

"We want a king who will lead us to battle and go hunting wild beasts with us," they said. "Down with King Krinkle. We want a new king."

The King's Bishop was very worried when he heard what the barons were plotting.

"You must go hunting and show your barons that you are not afraid of wild beasts," he said to the King.

"But I am afraid of wild beasts," sighed the King. "All the same, I will do as you say."

But when the barons saw the King stop when he saw a hare and then run away with the hare chasing him, they all jeered at him. Even the Bishop smiled.

But suddenly the hare was caught in a trap. It squealed in pain and at once King Krinkle stopped running, turned and freed the hare.

The Bishop frowned at the grinning barons.

"You should be ashamed of yourselves," said he. "As the hare chased the King, so you are chasing him. But if any one of you were hurt, as the hare was hurt, so King Krinkle would give you all his help. He is too good for you and you should all ask his pardon."

The barons knew that the Bishop spoke the truth and felt sorry for having made fun of their King. Forever after they loved him and wouldn't hear a word said against him.

And now you know the story of King Krinkle the Kind.

Read and Remember

Each week "Once Upon a Time" has lots of information about various subjects. Here, for instance, are some interesting facts that are well worth reading and remembering.



1. It's worth remembering that binoculars are really two telescopes, joined together in the middle, one for each eye. If you look through powerful binoculars, things which are a long way off are brought closer and can be seen in more detail.

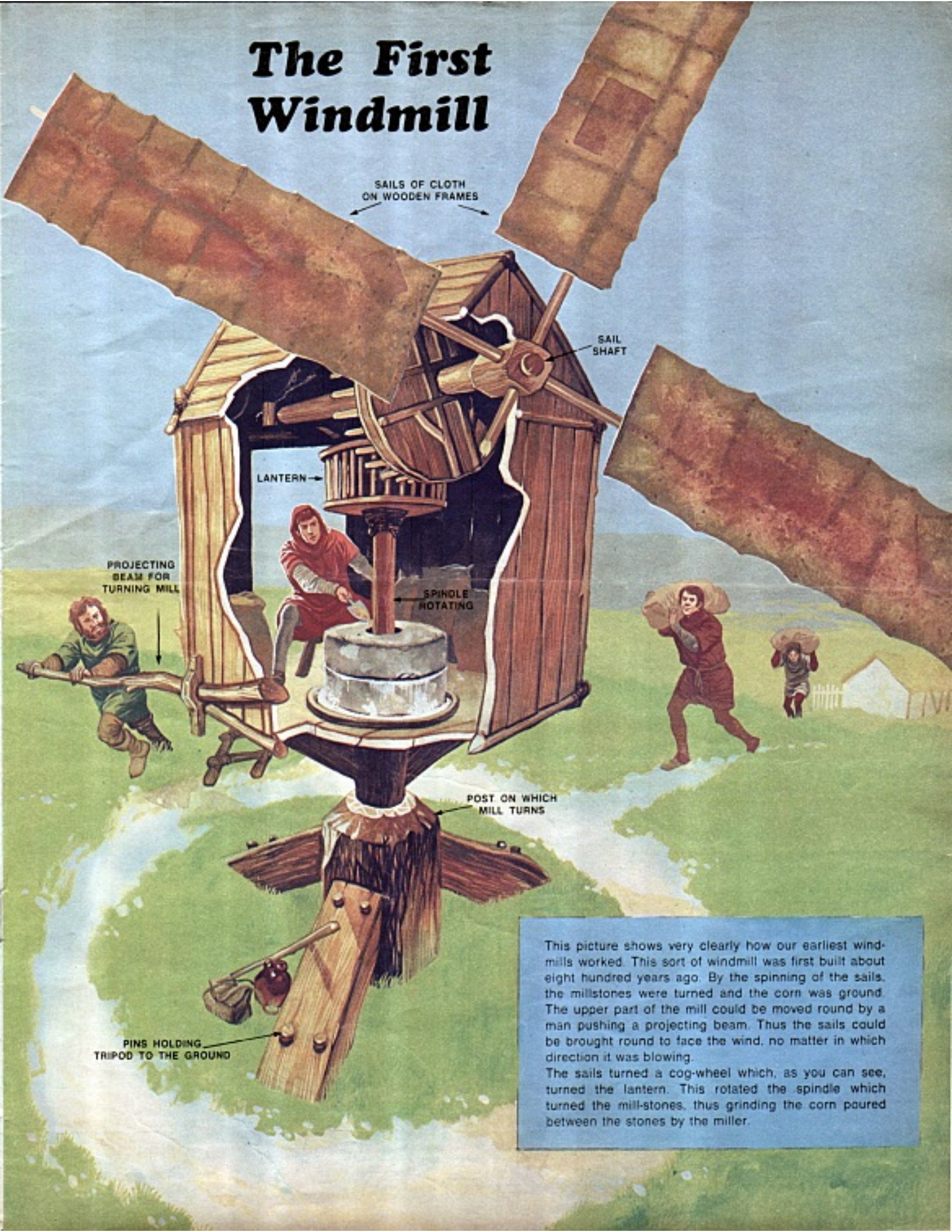


2. It's worth remembering that tea is made from the young leaves of the tea plant which is a small bush. The bushes are grown in big plantations on the sides of hills in India and China. The young shoots are picked by hand and then dried in the hot sun. They are then rolled and dried. The dried tea is packed and sent all over the world.



3. It's worth remembering that bamboo is actually tree-like grass. There are more than 200 types growing in Asia, Africa and South America. The hollow stem of the plant is used for building houses, furniture, mats, paper and native knives. The young shoots form part of the Chinese dish called "chop suey", which is now popular in many countries.

The First Windmill



SAILS OF CLOTH
ON WOODEN FRAMES

SAIL
SHAFT

LANERN

PROJECTING
BEAM FOR
TURNING MILL

SPINDLE
ROTATING

POST ON WHICH
MILL TURNS

PINS HOLDING
TRIPOD TO THE GROUND

This picture shows very clearly how our earliest wind-mills worked. This sort of windmill was first built about eight hundred years ago. By the spinning of the sails, the millstones were turned and the corn was ground. The upper part of the mill could be moved round by a man pushing a projecting beam. Thus the sails could be brought round to face the wind, no matter in which direction it was blowing.

The sails turned a cog-wheel which, as you can see, turned the lantern. This rotated the spindle which turned the mill-stones, thus grinding the corn poured between the stones by the miller.

Beauty and the *Beast*



This story was first written nearly two hundred years ago by a lady of the court of King Louis the Fourteenth of France, Gabrielle de Villeneuve. "Beauty and the Beast" is, without doubt, one of the most famous of all fairy-stories.



1. Once upon a time, in a far-off country, there lived a merchant who was very rich. As he had six sons and six daughters who were used to having all they wished, he had not a penny too much.

2. The merchant's wife had died soon after their youngest child, a daughter, was born. This baby became her father's favourite. She was so pretty and loving that everybody called her Beauty.



3. As the children grew older, all of them, except Beauty, spent their time enjoying themselves with music and dancing, and merry parties and outings, with no thought to the future.

4. Only Beauty lived a different life. She visited every little cottage where there was trouble or sickness while her sisters would ride past in a sleigh, laughing at her.



5. The merchant was now an old man and Beauty was always by his side, caring for him. On the other hand, her sisters were vain and disagreeable and although several rich young men asked to marry them, all their offers were refused.



6. The charming and gentle Beauty also received many offers of marriage but always she would take her father's hand and say, "I am too young to marry and besides I wish to be my father's companion and stay by his side for ever."



7. Suddenly an end came to the happy life of the merchant and his sons and daughters. One night their splendid house caught fire. In those far-off times there were no fire brigades and little could be done to check the flames. Soon the entire house was ablaze.

8. Beauty and the sons carried out of the house everything they could but the elder daughters did nothing but weep and wail and complain. "Try not to be too upset, dear father," said Beauty. "We will build another house." But worse misfortunes were about to fall.

Next week there is another unhappy shock for Beauty and the family.

1. Blackbirds



2. Seagulls



All Sorts of Birds

3. Eagles



4. Thrushes



5. Skylarks



6. Wagtails



and their Nests



8. Robins



7. Swallows



BRER RABBIT

Mr. Farmer Has Some Meat

by Barbara Hayes.

NOW I expect all you children think that Brer Rabbit filled his tummy by eating grass and green-stuff. Well it might be that way with rabbits in your parts, but away in the land where Brer Rabbit lived, the rabbits liked a nice bit of juicy steak, just the same as real people.

So one day, when that little rascal Brer Rabbit saw the chance of getting some nice fresh meat, he grabbed the chance with both his paws.

You see it so happened that for once Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox were walking along together having quite a friendly chat. They both asked each other how they were getting along and they both replied: "Not so good."

Brer Fox said that he was mighty hungry and Brer Rabbit replied that he felt pretty peckish himself.

Well, the two creatures kept on walking until by and by they came to the big road and there they saw Mr. Farmer. And Mr. Farmer had a great side of beef under his arm.

Brer Fox looked at the beef and he said:

"I certainly wouldn't mind a taste of that."

And Brer Rabbit looked at the beef and he said that the sight of all that tasty food was enough to send a poor hungry animal distracted.

Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox looked and looked at Mr. Farmer and the side of beef, but Brer Fox, he sighed and he said:

"I don't think that meat is for the likes of you and me, Brer Rabbit. Mr. Farmer won't part with that meat in a hurry."

But Brer Rabbit didn't give up so easily. He said to Brer Fox: "You just follow along behind me and keep within shouting distance."

And with that Brer Rabbit kicked up his heels and it wasn't long before he had caught up with Mr. Farmer.

Mr. Farmer and Brer Rabbit

passed the time of day together and then Brer Rabbit trotted along at the side of Mr. Farmer, just as if they were going on a journey together.

But at the same time Brer Rabbit kept sniffing the air.

"What's the matter, Brer Rabbit?" asked Mr. Farmer. "Have you got a cold?"

"Oh no — no cold, thank you kindly," replied that rascal Brer Rabbit. "But I keep smelling something. I don't know what it is, but it surely is not a bunch of roses."

"No sir," went on Brer Rabbit, "it just isn't a nice smell at all."

Then he gave another sniff and said: "Why Mr. Farmer! Goodness gracious! If it isn't that meat of yours that I'm smelling. PHEW! Where on earth did you get it from?"

Now, of course, the meat didn't smell bad at all. Brer Rabbit was only making it up, but as it happened Mr. Farmer had bought the meat rather cheaply and he began to think that perhaps there really was something wrong with it.

So after a while he stopped and put the meat down at the side of the road and said to Brer Rabbit:

"What do you think I should do?"

And Brer Rabbit, he stood a few steps away and held his nose, as if there was a terrible smell and he said, said he:

"Well, I have heard tell that if you drag a piece of meat through the dust it will get back its freshness. Maybe it doesn't seem right but people tell me it works. And you know this anyway," went on Brer Rabbit with a cosy smile. "It won't do no harm to try dragging the meat through the dirt because any dust that gets on the meat can easily be washed off."

"But I haven't any string," said Mr. Farmer.

Brer Rabbit gave a laugh and a wink.

"Maybe you haven't — but I have," he said and took a long



piece of thick string out of his pocket.

Mr. Farmer said, "That's a mighty long piece of string."

And tricky Brer Rabbit replied:

"Well of course it's long. You want the cool wind to blow between you and the meat, don't you?"

So Mr. Farmer tied the string to the meat and Brer Rabbit, he broke off a branch from a bush and said that he would stay behind with the meat and brush the flies off it, as it went along.

Isn't Brer Rabbit a rascal? You can guess what he is going to do, I'm sure.

Mr. Farmer, not thinking that anything was wrong at all, set off up the road pulling one end of the string. As soon as Mr. Farmer wasn't looking, Brer Rabbit untied the meat and tied a large stone to the string instead. What a scamp!

The stone was just about the same weight as the side of beef Mr. Farmer had been pulling along, and he never noticed the difference. Mind you, this was probably because artful Brer Rabbit kept talking to him all the time and taking his mind off what he was doing.

He did have one score, though. That was when Mr. Farmer stopped suddenly and mopped his face with his handkerchief.

"Whew! This is hard work," he gasped. "Do you think I've pulled the meat through the dust for long enough, Brer Rabbit?"

Brer Rabbit had quickly managed to put himself between Mr. Farmer and the stone.

"Don't stop, Mr. Farmer. Don't stop!" he

called out. "I think it's just beginning to work. But you'll spoil it all if you stop pulling."

Well, if you had been Mr. Farmer what would you have done? The same as he did, I expect. He stopped mopping his face and he started pulling again faster than ever.

Brer Rabbit grinned all over his face, and his eyes twinkled like they always did when he'd out-smarted someone.

He waved across to Brer Fox.

"Quickly!" he whispered, so that only Brer Fox should hear. "It's your turn to do something."

Then Brer Fox crept forward, took the meat and ran off with it. Meanwhile, Brer Rabbit followed Mr. Farmer, fanning the stone, as if he were brushing flies off the meat and calling to Mr. Farmer that everything was fine.

But when Mr. Farmer had gone a long way, crafty Brer Rabbit slipped away into the bushes and next time Mr. Farmer looked round, Brer Rabbit wasn't there. But a big stone was and Mr. Farmer said some very unkind things about Brer Rabbit. / can tell you.

But Brer Rabbit wasn't listening, he was rushing after Brer Fox, who had got the meat under his arm and was running helter skelter away with it.

Well, children, I suppose you think this story is going to end with Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox sharing the meat?

Not at all. Brer Rabbit was too cunning for that.

Next week I will tell you how Brer Rabbit got the meat all to himself.

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The Riddle

This story is a memory test. Read it carefully and then turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions about it.

ONCE upon a time there was a great Emperor of China who had a beautiful daughter. Her name was White Lotus.

Now, the Emperor loved his daughter very much indeed and could not bear to think that one day she might marry and leave him.

For eighteen years the Emperor was happy with his daughter. But then she fell in love with a handsome prince. His name was San Lee and he was Prince of Cathay.

When White Lotus told her father she wanted to marry San Lee, he was very angry. He went to his Court Magician and said: "You must help me!"

The Court Magician smiled and weaved a magic spell. The Princess was speaking to the Prince in the garden one day, when suddenly before her very eyes, the Prince was changed into a beautiful vase.

The Princess was very upset, as you can imagine. Just then her father came towards her: "This is the wicked work of the Court Magician," said White Lotus.

The Emperor nodded. "You are right. It was I who asked him to stop your marriage. I do not think the Prince of Cathay is good enough for you."

"But he is — he is," replied White Lotus. "Please, father, ask the Court

Magician to change the gold vase into my Prince again."

"That is in your hands, my daughter," smiled the Emperor. "The Court Magician tells me that the spell will be removed if you can answer this riddle: 'What is as big as a tree yet weighs nothing?'"

White Lotus was very downcast. She could not think of the answer. Now it so happened that the Princess's favourite pet was a lovely bird that could speak like a human. Not only that, it was very good at answering riddles.

The bird was seated on a branch nearby when the Emperor asked the riddle: "What is as big as a tree yet weighs nothing?"

The bird puffed up its gleaming red breast and started to sing. Only the Princess could understand the bird's song and what she was singing was the answer to the riddle.

"The tree's shadow!"

The Princess clapped her hands and repeated the answer aloud. At once the gold vase changed into the Prince again.

The Emperor smiled because he thought

his daughter was very clever to answer the Court Magician's riddle.

"If you are as clever as all that, perhaps you had better marry your beloved Prince," he said.

"Oh, thank you, father," replied the Princess.

The Prince of Cathay took the hand of the Princess.

"I will build a palace close to yours," he said to the Emperor. "Then you will be able to see your daughter whenever you want to."

So everybody was happy.





Ugly Duckling



1. Once upon a time a whole batch of eggs was hatched by a mother Duck in a farm-yard. The baby ducklings were the prettiest and fluffiest ever seen — all but one. He was large and awkward, and really rather ugly.



2. Of course, his mother loved him and treated him the same as all the rest, but the other birds and animals in the farm-yard made fun of him. They jostled and pushed and bullied him and called him the "Ugly Duckling."



3. The poor Ugly Duckling was very unhappy. Even his brothers and sisters didn't want to be seen with him. Nobody would play with him and nobody would invite him to tea. One day, after everybody had been especially unkind, he decided to run away from home.



4. "I won't stay where I'm not wanted," he said, and took himself off to the river that ran past the farm. There, hidden by the bull-rushes, he settled down to live quietly by himself, seeing no-one to make fun of him.



5. He stayed there for the rest of that Summer and all through the long Winter. Many times he felt lonely and cold and longed to return to the farm-yard, but he knew he'd be unwelcome, so he stayed among the bull-rushes. The hardest thing of all for him to bear was the knowledge that his loneliness was all due to his ugliness. "How I wish I were handsome!" he would sigh.



6. Then Spring came again, and the warmth of the sun and the singing of the birds brought the Ugly Duckling out of his hiding place. "I hope I don't meet anyone," he said, "They will only make fun of me, the way they did before." But despite his fears, somehow he didn't feel quite as unhappy as he had done before. "I don't know what it can be," he thought. "But I feel different."



7. Just then he caught sight of his reflection in the clear water and he saw to his amazement that he was no more an ugly duckling, but a beautiful white swan with a graceful, arching neck. Now he knew what had happened. The mother Duck had hatched a swan's egg by mistake. With joy in his heart he went to join the other swans on the river, and he was even more beautiful than they and they bowed to him.



8. He led them along the river past the farm-yard, and all who had disliked him before, now rushed to admire him. But although he was now a kingly swan he never forgot what it was like to be lonely and friendless. He was always kind and thoughtful, especially to his step-mother, who had loved him in spite of everything. And mother Duck was proud indeed to have such a fine step-son.



BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

It is almost twilight and the cowboy and his horse are tired after the long day's ride. Wearily, the cowboy dismounts and takes a short rest, gazing across the wide open prairie. The famous artist D. C. Eyles painted this beautiful picture especially for "Once Upon a Time".

THE NETHERLANDS

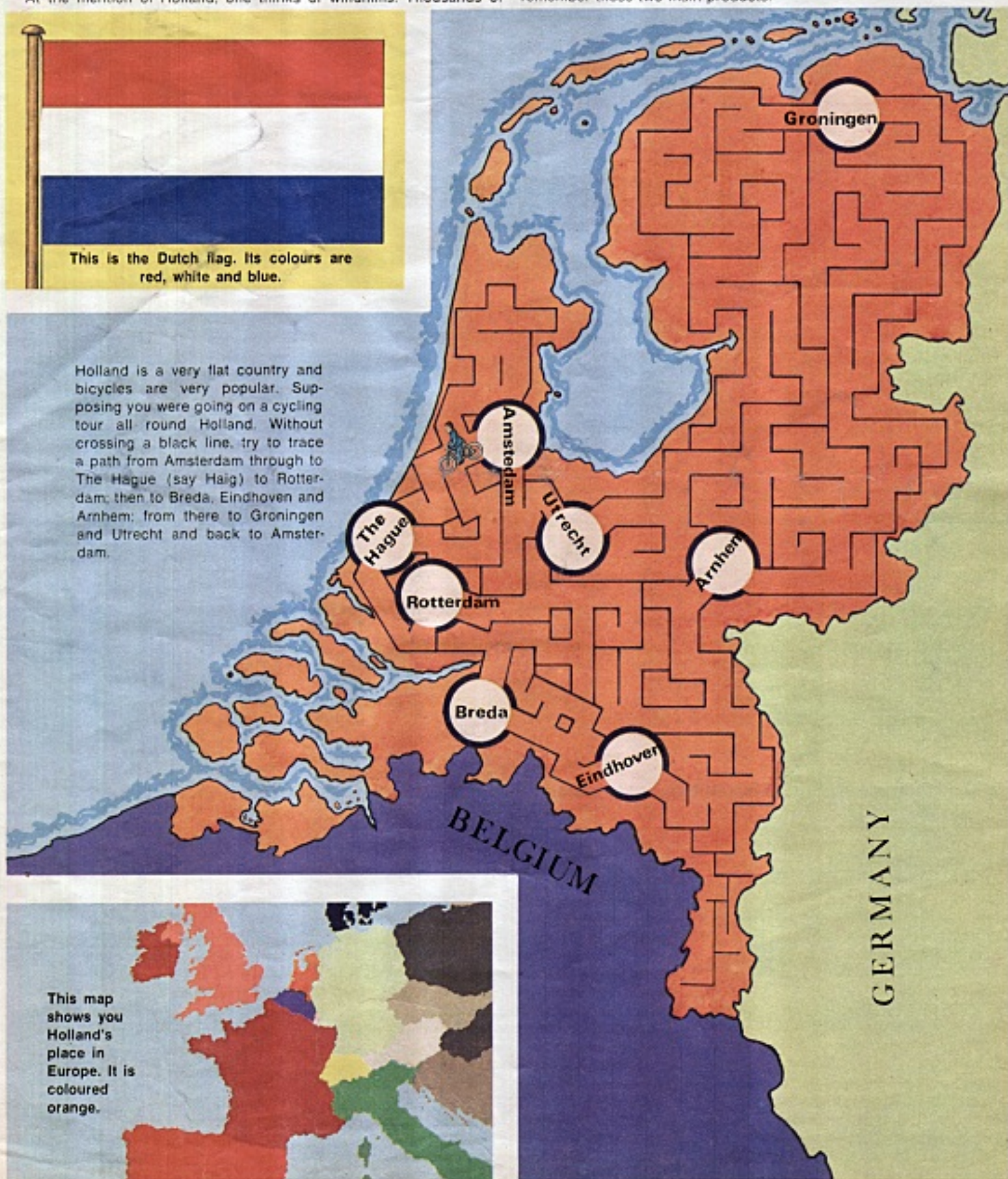
The word "Netherlands" means "lower lands" and this splendid country is just that. Almost half of it lies below sea-level. Perhaps you know the country better as Holland (hollow-land). At the mention of Holland, one thinks of windmills. Thousands of

windmills were built in Holland to pump water back into the sea. Millions of bulbs are grown and sold every year in Holland. Everybody, of course, knows Dutch cheese and butter. You should remember these two main products.



This is the Dutch flag. Its colours are red, white and blue.

Holland is a very flat country and bicycles are very popular. Supposing you were going on a cycling tour all round Holland. Without crossing a black line, try to trace a path from Amsterdam through to The Hague (say Haig) to Rotterdam; then to Breda, Eindhoven and Arnhem; from there to Groningen and Utrecht and back to Amsterdam.



This map shows you Holland's place in Europe. It is coloured orange.



THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE Country Mouse

This week the Town Mouse dresses up.

by Barbara Hayes

ONCE upon a time there were two mice. Although one lived in the town and one lived in the country and although they were very different indeed, they were actually cousins.

Winifred, the country mouse, was stay-at-home and old-fashioned. But she was very kind-hearted and a wonderful cook.

Stephanie, the town mouse, was very smart and modern and liked the gay life, but although she sometimes seemed rather cruel, with her unkind, witty words, she was really very clever, and brave too when she had to be.

Now it so happened that the town mouse had been ill and her doctor had told her to go for a country holiday with her cousin Winifred.

The holiday was supposed to do the town mouse good, but unfortunately Stephanie didn't take too kindly to country ways.

Stephanie hadn't liked walking from the station to Winifred's home because there was no taxi. And she hadn't liked having her bath in a tin bath in front of the fire, instead of in a lovely tiled bathroom. Winifred hadn't a bathroom, you see.

But after a good night's sleep, Stephanie felt very much better.

"Well, whatever the day has to offer, just lead me to it," smiled Stephanie to Winifred over breakfast. "Roll out your country treats and your woodland frolics and I will grit my teeth and face them all. Whatever else people may say about me, no one can ever say that I'm a coward."

Simple little Winifred looked across at her cousin in a puzzled way.

"I don't know why you're talking about gritting your teeth and being brave," she said. "We never do anything but simple quiet things in the country."

"That's what I mean," sighed Stephanie. "I shall need to grit my teeth and be brave to get through all the quiet without screaming with boredom."

"Oh, our Stephanie! You do carry on so!" sighed Winifred. Then she added:

"Anyway, our job for this morning is to go out and get some peas for dinner. And I usually manage to do that without having to grit my teeth!"

When she heard the words "go out" Stephanie really pricked up her ears. She loved going out because then she could put on her best clothes and show off to everyone who saw her.

"If we're going out, then I must get ready," smiled Stephanie.

And she pitter-pattered up the stairs to her bedroom before Winifred could say another word.

"Now let me see," smiled Stephanie happily riffling through her dresses. "this is morning, so I mustn't wear anything too fancy, but at the same time I want to wear something really smart."

"It'll show these local yokels how a really fashionable mouse dresses. I'll sweep along in front of the shops in my lovely dress and none of them will be able to stop staring at me."

"Why, by dressing up, I'll be doing them a favour, really. These poor country bumpkins must get sore eyes from looking at their own shabby old clothes."

"Looking at pretty me will give their poor old eyes a rest. And what's more it will give them something to talk about from now till next plum-bottling time — whenever that might be."

So Stephanie put on a really pretty morning dress and hat to match. She slipped her feet into smart shoes, the like of which had never been seen in those country parts before and finally she sprayed herself with real French perfume.

"How do I look?" she called to Winifred as she came downstairs.

"Am I not a knockout? I bet your clod-hopping chums have never seen anything like me before, have they?"

Stephanie was never very kind in the way she talked about countryfolk. I'm afraid.

Luckily Winifred found it difficult to keep up with what Stephanie was saying, so her feelings weren't hurt.

"I don't know anyone who hops clods," she said. "Whatever are you talking about, Stephanie?"

"What I mean is," said Stephanie slowly, so that Winifred could catch every word, "don't you think I am wearing a nice dress for going out to fetch the peas?"

Winifred looked at the pretty dress.

"Yes. You look lovely," she agreed. "But you town folk really are rather strange. I just don't understand why you went to the bother of changing into that lovely dress, just to go into the garden to pick a few peas?"

"Into the GARDEN!" gasped Stephanie. "to PICK some peas! Do you mean to tell me that we aren't going to the shops where everyone can see me? Do you mean to tell me that we are just going to step outside into that weedy garden of yours?"

"Well, of course!" said Winifred, still rather puzzled. "When I said we were going out for peas, of course I meant we were going into the garden to pick them. Where else would peas come from?"

"Well, where I live, peas come in bags from the greengrocer's shop," shouted Stephanie in an angry voice. "That's where all decent peas come from. Tryst a country silly-dilly like you to come up with the stupid idea of growing your own peas. What a lot of country chumps you are, to be sure."

Stephanie was so angry, because now she couldn't go out to show off her nice dress, but in the end she calmed down and even went into the garden to help Winifred to pick the peas.

After a while Winifred's boy-friend, Bertie, rode by on his cycle.

"There!" smiled Winifred. "Bertie has seen you in your nice dress, so wearing it wasn't a waste."

But the town mouse only replied with a big sigh and gritted her teeth very hard.

There will be another mouse story next week.

Here are the questions about the lovely story on the centre pages. Try to answer the questions and then re-read the story to see if you have answered them correctly.

1. What was the name of the Emperor's daughter?
2. Who was San Lee?
3. What happened to San Lee?
4. What was the answer to the riddle?



The Golden Glove


1. Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess named Maribel. One day the King of France came to visit her. "Your father has agreed to our marriage," said he, taking off his hat and bowing to her.

2. Poor Princess Maribel! She was secretly in love with William Wheat, a handsome farmer. When William came to visit the Princess later that day he found her in a swoon. The King of France and her maid were quite upset.

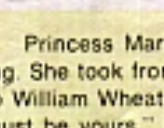
3. But the Princess knew that once her father, the King, had decided on something, it was difficult to make him change his mind. She took herself off to bed and lay there, wondering what to do.

4. You see, William Wheat, the handsome farmer, was a very loyal man and would not disobey his King. Princess Maribel knew this. "I must think of a plan to make my father change his mind so that William will marry me," she thought.

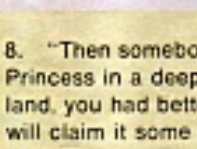
5. At last she hit upon a very clever plan. She dressed herself in the rich clothes of a cavalier. Then, taking a gun and a hunting dog, she set out across the farmland of William Wheat. Soon she saw him coming towards her.




6. Now William Wheat was a very good and kind fellow. But he was not very clever. If he had been he would have recognised his lady love at once. But he didn't. Instead he greeted the "cavalier" with "Good morning, sir. Lovely day."




7. Princess Maribel smiled to herself. Her plan was working. She took from her jacket a golden glove and held it out to William Wheat. "I found this on your land," she said. "It must be yours." But William Wheat shook his head. "No, I never wear gloves," said he.




8. "Then somebody must have lost it," said the Princess in a deep voice. "As I found it on your land, you had better keep it. Perhaps the owner will claim it some day." Then she walked away.



Next day, the Princess announced to her people that she had lost a golden glove.



9. Town criers read the news to the people everywhere. "Oyez, oyez!" they shouted. "Princess Maribel announces that she will marry the man who returns her golden glove to her." When William Wheat heard this, he came running to the palace.



10. "I have your golden glove," said he, "and I now claim your hand in marriage." Princess Maribel laughed because she knew that her father would not be able to make her break the promise she had made to the people. So she married her farmer and lived happily ever after.





The **WISE OLD OWL** Knows all the answers

The Wise Old Owl is here to answer many interesting questions for you.



1. Where was silk first made?

"Silk, from which fine dresses are made, originally came from China, where it had been made for thousands of years. Silk comes from silk-worms, which are really caterpillars. They live on mulberry leaves and spin a silken cocoon, from which the silk threads are taken."



2. What is a Llama?

"A llama is an animal found in the mountains of South America. It is a relation of the camel, but it has no hump. Llamas are used to carry goods and their wool is very fine. They are docile creatures and can travel for long distances with heavy loads."



3. What are diamonds made from?

"Diamonds are a form of carbon. When a piece of wood is partly burned, this is carbon, though a different kind from diamonds. Diamonds are very valuable and are found deep down in the earth. Most of the world's supply comes from South Africa, where diamonds were first discovered one hundred years ago."



4. Who invented the telephone?

"Alexander Graham Bell started to make a machine to help deaf children to hear. From this came his invention of the telephone in 1876 in Boston, in the United States; when the first speech was sent over a wire. The first real telephone line was built at Brantford in Canada, where Bell's father lived."



5. What is the name of the canal dividing North America from South America?

"The Panama Canal which cuts across the narrow neck of land from Panama to Colon. It was opened in 1913 after ten years of hard work. Big ships can go through the canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Before the canal was opened, ships had to travel round the coast of South America to get from one ocean to the other."



6. Where does rubber come from?

"Rubber comes from a special type of tree. The sap of the tree is tapped and caught in little cans. When the sticky fluid has been collected together, it is made into sheets or solid squares. It is then sent to factories to be made into motor car tyres, rubber balls, soles for shoes and many other things. Rubber mainly comes from a country in the Far East called Malaya."